

Binder
American Junior Red Cross
NEWS

May 1951





Carl Fischer,

our cover artist
who lives in Frankfurt,
Germany, paints a picture
for his son Klaus.

Story of Our Cover

STEP RIGHT THIS WAY! Come to the animals' circus! Best seats are on top of the giraffe's head! Now watch the funny man jump through the hoop! Yes, our cover will make you laugh. It's that kind of cover.

And our cover is a very special one for other reasons, too. It was made by an artist who loves children and who loves animals. He lives in Frankfurt, Germany, and he paints like no ordinary artist.

He holds his brushes and pencils in his teeth! He taught himself to do this after he lost both his arms during World War II. If this misfortune had come to most artists, they would have given up and made themselves very unhappy. But Carl Fischer is no ordinary man. Because he has made the best of what happened to him, he is making others, like you, laugh with him over his funny drawings.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOLUME 32

MAY 1951

NUMBER 8

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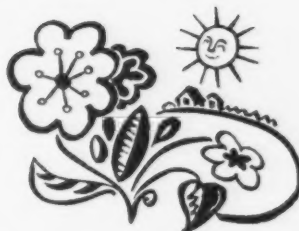
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SPRINGTIME

SPRING is the time for all good JRC members to put finishing touches on the many things started during the year. Last minute gifts should be tucked into gift boxes. Final stitches should be taken on soft toys. And the last letters must be added to correspondence albums before they are sent away.

Spring is the time, too, for taking a backward look at all the services given in Junior Red Cross during the year. Some schools do it by giving a play before a school assembly. Others plan an exhibit in a store window showing work accomplished.

Still other schools, like the ones in the Toledo (Ohio), the Princeton (N. J.), and the Oklahoma County (Okla.) chapters, to name only a few, publish full reports of what has been done in their chapters in Junior Red Cross during the year.

Besides getting ready for the closing of the year's work, spring is also the time for looking ahead.

In Youngstown, Ohio (Mahoning Chapter), plans are made each spring for a summertime Red Cross Fun Activity Playground Program. For 6 years the directors of Home Nursing, of Junior Red Cross, and of Safety Services in the chapter have organized the summer program as a free community service.

Last summer the home nursing theme was "Fuzzy the Germ." Emphasis was placed on ways of avoiding the carrying of germs from one person to another. Boys and girls learned healthful habits and ways of making things pleasant and comfortable for a sick person.

The Junior Red Cross handicraft sessions were centered on "Service for Others." The children made 280 cloth and oilcloth toys for children in hospitals or institutions or for those overseas.

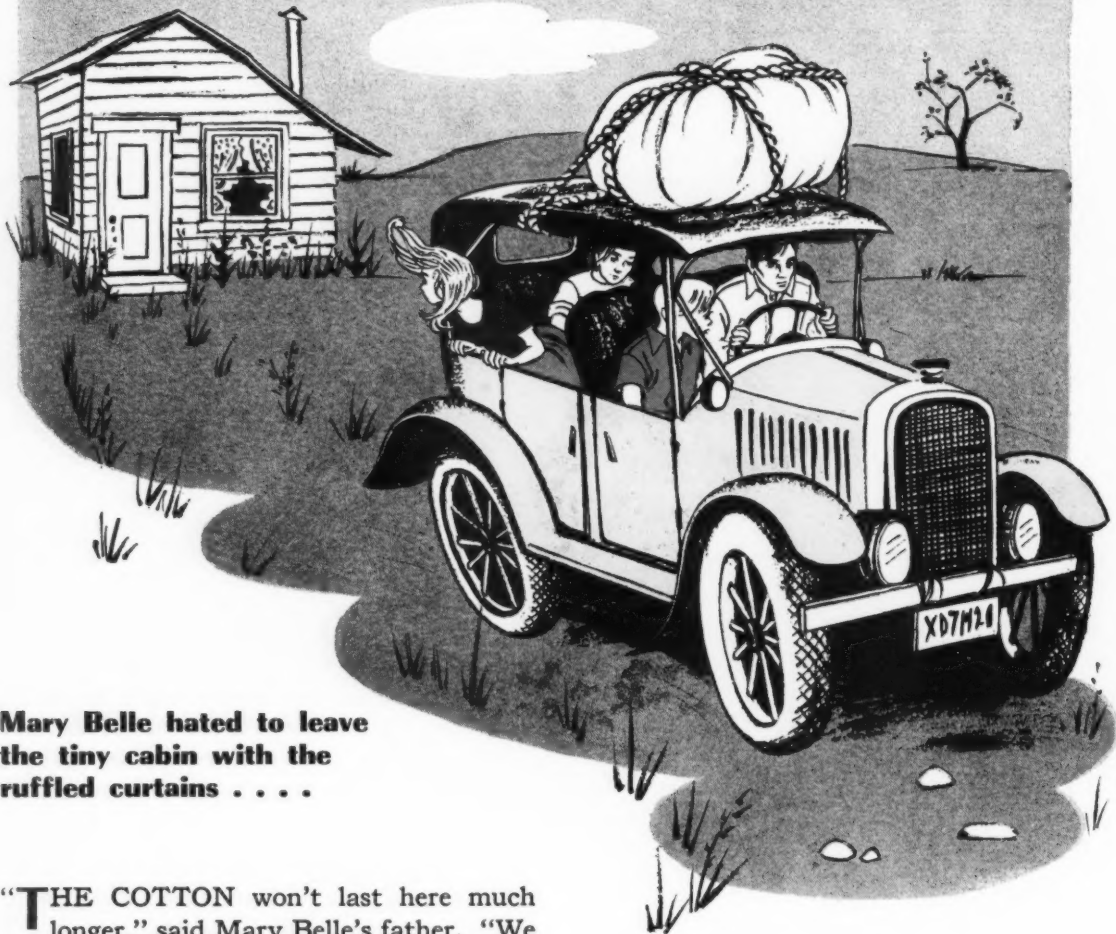
Safety Services stressed water safety, accident prevention, and first aid care of minor wounds.

Hundreds of children in Youngstown learned lots of interesting things during the summer, and had fun in the bargain!

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.

MODERN GYPSIES

by Catherine Blanton



Mary Belle hated to leave the tiny cabin with the ruffled curtains

THE COTTON won't last here much longer," said Mary Belle's father. "We best be moving on about next Saturday."

Mary Belle sighed. She looked about the tiny one-room cabin. Her big brown eyes turned to her mother's lined face. "It's been a right nice place, hasn't it, Ma? Almost like a home."

Mrs. Anderson nodded. "Having the runnin' water has helped a lot."

Franklin took a mouthful of beans. "Will we be pickin' more cotton, Pa?"

Mr. Anderson reached for another biscuit. "No, lettuce. You kids can pick peas."

"That's good," said Mrs. Anderson. "Peas aren't like pickin' cotton nor cutting lettuce. They aren't so hard."

There were four children in the Anderson family—Mary Belle, Franklin, Jackson, and Rosy the baby. In all the years of their lives not one of them, except Mary Belle, could ever remember having lived more than a few months in one place.

The other children didn't seem to mind this moving from place to place. But Mary Belle did. She wanted a house of their own. She wanted to go to the same school for a whole year. She wanted to make friends and have them like her.

While she and her mother did the supper dishes they talked about it.

"My," said her mother, "you sure do want a lot of things."

Mary Belle's eyes roamed about the room. "Real curtains with frilly ruffles." Aloud she said, "You—you reckon we could take them with us, Ma?"

Her mother, turning, saw her looking at the curtains. "Land sakes, child," she exclaimed. "Don't you know that would be stealin'?"

"Yes, Ma, I reckon it would." She brushed a tear from her cheek. "But seems it oughtn't to hurt any to take a bit of prettiness with us. We haven't got much else. And havin' curtains at the windows makes it seem like—well, like where real folks live."

JUST THEN Franklin and Jackson stormed in. Mrs. Anderson said, "You tryin' to wake the baby? Now what's the excitement?"

"Pa says we'll be leavin' in the mornin'," replied Franklin.

For a long minute Mrs. Anderson just sat. Then slowly she got to her feet, picked up the dishpan and emptied it outside the door.

Mary Belle stood at the darkened win-

dow, her fingers playing with the fine ruffle on the curtain.

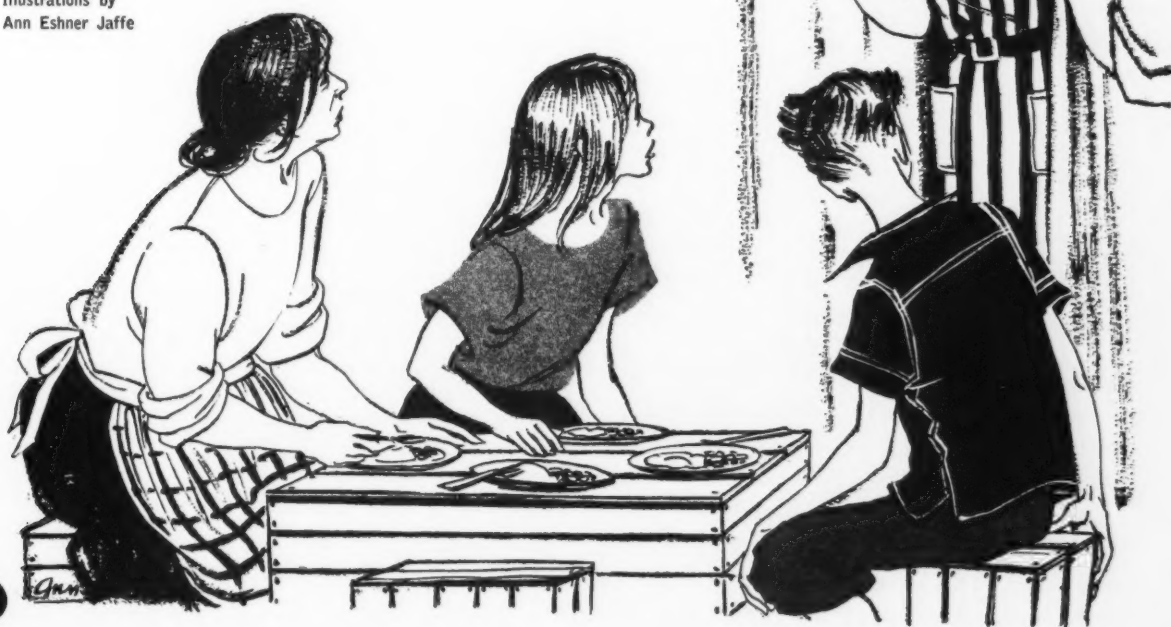
"Now there isn't any use you standin' there moonin' about the curtains," said her mother. "Best just come and help me and you'll forget them."

"Oh, it isn't just the curtains, Ma." Mary Belle tried to steady her voice. "It's always havin' to go into a different place—somebody's old shack. I-I wish they could all be nice and-and homey like this one."

Mrs. Anderson lifted her head from the box she was packing. "I reckon I know what you mean. When you're young-like you always got a hankerin' for those things. I did." she sighed heavily. "But I got

They were eating supper when
a rap came at the tent door.

Illustrations by
Ann Eshner Jaffe



over it. Now I'd rather have runnin' water in the house more than anything else, I reckon."

THE MORNING STAR was still shining brightly when the Anderson car pulled out the next day. For breakfast they had eaten cold biscuits.

Mary Belle was the last to get into the car. She had stayed behind and given the little cabin one last loving look.

"Hurry up," said her father. "If we don't have trouble we may get there in time to get lined up for a half-day's work."

The Anderson family were stiff and tired when their old car finally pulled up before the neat office of the Western Growers' Company. They were told they'd find the workers' cabins at the end of the road.

Mary Belle closed her eyes. When the car came to a stop, she was afraid to open them. What kind of a place would they have this time? Would it too have frilly curtains at the windows?

Slowly she took her hands away from her face. She stared.

"Hey, what's the matter with you?" demanded Franklin.

Without replying, she got out of the car and walked across the dusty ground, then pulled open the door of the canvas tent.

"It hasn't even got a wooden floor," she repeated dully.

"You and Mary Belle best stay here and get settled," said Mr. Anderson to his wife. "Me and the boys'll go on as soon as we've had a bite to eat."

"We'll fix up a good supper for you when you get in," she answered.

All afternoon Mary Belle and her mother kept busy. Only once did she speak. Then she began laughing.

Her mother turned her head sharply. "What's the matter with you, girl? You sick or somethin'?"

Mary Belle dabbed at her eyes. "No, Ma, I was only thinkin'. Isn't it good I didn't steal those curtains? Why, why we haven't even got a window here."

They were sitting around the orange crate eating supper when a rap came at the tent door.

"May I come in?" said a pleasant voice.

Mr. Anderson got to his feet and pulled back the door.

A young woman held out her hand. "I'm Miss Lee from the Home Mission Council. We have our station wagon, The Harvester, parked on this ranch. We hope you'll come and get acquainted with us." She nodded to the children. "Tonight we're showing movies."

Miss Lee's smile was warm and kind. "And you are all welcome."

It was several hours later when Mary Belle and her brothers came in from the show. They were so full of talk Mrs. Anderson could hardly get them to bed.

"They say it's just for mi-migratory workers like us," said Mary Belle.

"Tomorrow night Miss Lee's goin' to show me how to make a kite," said Franklin.

"Me too," replied his brother.

"They have talks and things for big people too," added Mary Belle. "And a nursery for the babies like Rosy."

Mrs. Anderson nodded. "Well, you see, child, no matter how bad things seem, there's always something to help you bear it."

Mary Belle smiled. "Yes, Ma, I reckon there is. And Miss Lee and Miss Johns are so nice I guess I can stand most anything."

So Mary Belle and Miss Lee and her helper became great friends in the days and weeks that followed.

THEN ONE DAY Mr. Anderson said, "The peas are about all gone here. Come Saturday I reckon we'd best be movin' on. The fruit's ripenin' fast they say in Californy."

Mary Belle was stricken. "You-you mean goin' away and leavin' Miss Lee and The Harvester?" Then she was running out the door. She didn't stop until she stood on the steps of the station wagon.

"Oh, Miss Lee, Pa says we got to leave."

We're a-goin' to Californy on Saturday."

Miss Lee led her over to a shady tree. "Oh well, dear, we'll all be leaving soon. Miss Johns and I are going to Colorado next week. We must get around to as many places as we can, you know."

"Oh, I hate it, I hate it," sobbed Mary Belle.

"Oh, but you shouldn't," soothed Miss Lee.

Suddenly Mary Belle looked up. "Would you like always going to a strange place? Never having a real home or—or lace curtains or nothing? Only ugliness?"

Then Miss Lee said, "Mary Belle, I always think of you and people like you as being modern gypsies. The gypsies go from place to place. They never have a home to call their own."

Mary Belle was listening quietly now. "And there's something else the gypsies are supposed to do. Whenever they move on to another camp they leave a bouquet of flowers to show the next band that they have passed that way. I think it must be a sign of welcome to make the new gypsies feel that someone has been thinking of them and loving them, although they will never meet."

Mary Belle's breath came fast. "Oh, Miss Lee, you reckon?" Then she stopped and the color went from her cheeks. "But I haven't got any flowers. I haven't got nothing to leave nobody."

"But real flowers would soon fade," said Miss Lee. "Did you ever make paper ones?"

Mary Belle shook her head.

"Then you come tonight and I'll teach you how."

Saturday morning came soon.

"What's keepin' Mary Belle?" asked Mr. Anderson, starting the motor.

"It's somethin' about them foolish old paper flowers she made," said Franklin.

Mrs. Anderson settled Rosy down by her side. "Let the child be," she said. "It

won't take her but a minute."

Then Mary Belle came out. "They look real pretty-like, Ma," she said, smiling. "They're a-settin' on that box right in the middle of the floor. I reckon they're most as pretty as ruffled curtains. And the new folks who come will know someone was a-thinkin' of them."



"The new folks will know someone was a-thinkin' of them," smiled Mary Belle.

Acres of multi-colored tulips put on a fine show along the lanes and in the parks. ➤

"Klompen Dancers" in wooden shoes and native costumes do Dutch folk dances. ▼



The "Dutch Treat Show" features music and dances of Old Holland. ▼



TULIP TIME

a Gay Time

in
Holland, Michigan



◀ On the Festival's opening day, everyone turns out in Dutch costumes to scrub the streets along the parade route.

Photos, Holland Tulip Time Festival, Inc.



Story by GLADYS M. RELYEA
Illustrations by Iris White

Trina was homesick at first—till she learned how kind new friends could be.

"I SHALL BE pleased to care for the babies, Aunt Kaatje," said Trina in her precise English.

She was at breakfast with her American aunt and uncle and her two little cousins on their tulip farm in Holland, Mich.

"Oh, will you?" exclaimed her aunt. "You won't mind missing the Tulip Festival?"

Trina forced back a little feeling of disappointment. She *had* been looking forward to at least seeing the *Tulpen Feest*. She did not expect to be asked to take part in it, for after all, she had so very recently come from Holland.

Now she said politely, "Oh, no; I have been in many such events at home."

Her aunt sat back, relieved. "That's a big load off my mind, Trina. Your uncle and I are aways rushed to death with the tourists visiting the farm and ordering bulbs. I don't know what we'd do without those orders."

Trina finished her oatmeal and got up from the table. "I am sure that the teacher

will not mind if I do not attend for the three mornings of the Festival. There will be no afternoon sessions after today."

Her aunt kissed her, and Trina picked up her lunch box and started out for her second day at an American school.

It was a long walk but an interesting one, for she had not taken this route yesterday. Past neat houses with neat lawns bordered by tulips, past a hospital on whose lawn were planted thousands of tulips in the form of a windmill, through streets with signs that told passersby they were on part of the 12-mile Tulip Lane, and that said, "*Welkom Vreemdelingen.*"

"My goodness!" thought Trina. "Tulips seem to be more important here than they are in Holland."

And when she opened the door to the sixth grade room, she was surprised again. All the boys and girls were in Dutch costumes, and were talking and laughing and practicing dance steps.

She had known they were to demonstrate

an old Dutch game for the Pageant, and to dance in *klompen* at the Children's Parade, but she had not thought that they would wear the clothes to school. What fun they seemed to be having together! How she wished she could be a part of it all!

Miss Reewkes clapped her hands. The children quieted down and went to their seats. Then Miss Reewkes said, "Trina, didn't you understand that you were to be in the Festival with us? You're not wearing your Dutch costume."

Trina flushed. "No, Miss Reewkes. I have arrived too late, I thought."

"But you have so recently been in Holland. You know the dances and songs better than we do. Isn't that so, class?"

"Yes," they answered, smiling at Trina.

Trina said, "Very much, I should like to take part. And I have my costume in my trunk at my uncle's home."

Her uncle's home! The words reminded Trina of her promise. But she hadn't known then that she could be in the Festival. If she explained to her aunt, wouldn't she understand? But no, her aunt had to help Uncle Dirk take the orders. Besides, how could she ask a favor of her uncle and aunt who had been so generous as to invite her to visit them for a whole summer?

All these things she thought quickly. Then she said, "I am sorry, Miss Reewkes, but I have promised to take care of my little cousins during those days. I thank you, however."

"We're very sorry, too," said Miss Reewkes, "but if you promised, I guess there's nothing we can do about it."

The day went by quickly even though Trina spent most of it watching while the others rehearsed. It was pleasant to hear the songs and watch the games that she knew at home though it made her homesick, too. She would not be going back until September, and today was only

Tuesday, May 17—over 3 months remained.

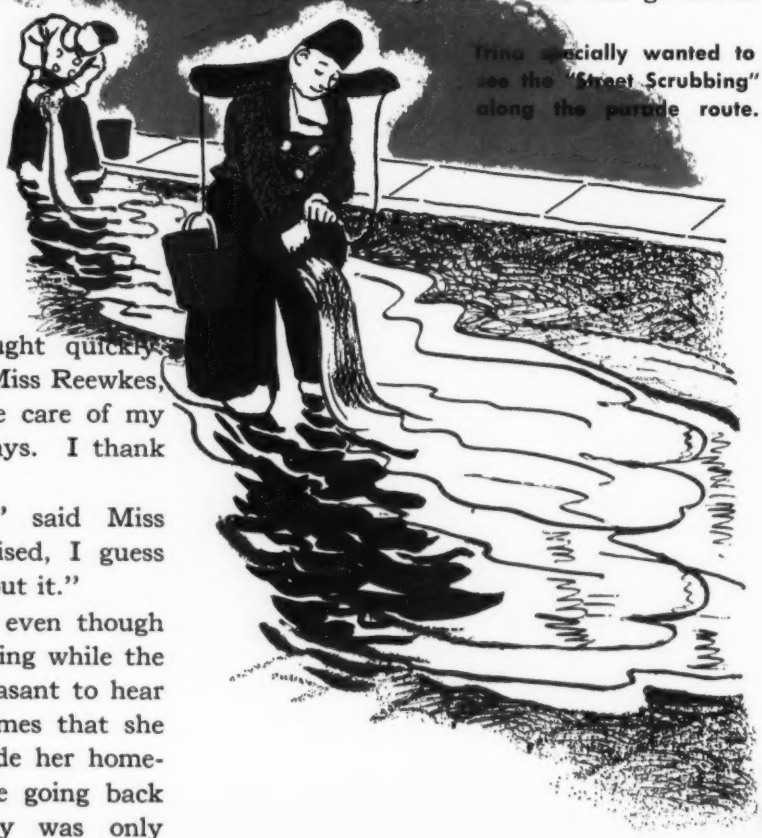
Back at her uncle's farm, Trina put baby Willem in his gocart, and with 3-year-old Beatrix pushing a doll-carriage beside her, she went exploring.

It was much like the tulip farms in Holland—acres and acres of long, straight rows of bright blossoms with bulb-drying sheds and compost piles placed here and there.

Even the tulips were the same, many of them, and she easily recognized her own favorite Pride of Holland, all red and yellow. Nearby she saw the rosy Mr. Van Zyl that her mother loved and the pure white Zwanenburg that her father liked best. They all seemed like old friends for her father and uncle had often exchanged bulbs.

What a hustle and bustle there was about the farm! Everyone was working extra hard to have things in perfect order for the many, many festival visitors that would arrive the next day.

There were so many things to see that Trina was sorry to see the sun go down.



Trina specially wanted to see the "Street Scrubbing" along the parade route.

And then it was suppertime. A surprise suppertime! Her aunt had a real Dutch supper for her—pea soup, *saucijzebroodje* with *kool*, and sugar cookies.

Not once did Trina mention that she had been asked to be in the festival. And her aunt and uncle, busy with plans for the next four days, did not mention the festival at all. But once in bed, in the quiet and dark, Trina could not help but cry a little and wish it were September.

The cheerful carol of a robin in the peach tree woke her next morning. The sun shone into her room and a soft breeze ruffled the curtain. It was a perfect festival day—if you were going to be in a festival, Trina thought as she dressed.

"I'll put on my Dutch costume anyway," Trina decided. "And I'll dress Beatrix and Willem in their Dutch things, too. The visitors will like that, I think."

And indeed the visitors did! Most of them had cameras and asked Trina and her

two little cousins to pose among the tulips.

The morning passed so fast that Trina actually forgot that the festival would start at noon. Until, that is, one of the boy visitors said, "Say, Dad, let's get back to town. The parade's due to start and I want to see the mayor inspect the streets, and the people scrubbing them clean, and the high-school girls dancing, and. . . ."

Trina waved good-by as cheerfully as she could as they drove off.

Suddenly she heard someone calling her name. It was John, one of the boys from the sixth grade, pedaling a bicycle toward her at top speed.

"Trina, you're to ride in a float in the parade!" he gasped as he jumped off the bicycle. "We're all going to take turns baby-sitting for you for these four days. It's my turn first!"

Trina's breath came fast, too. She could not speak.

"Come on, hurry!" John said. "The



parade's forming right now at the City Hall."

"But—but—but—"

John laughed. "You sound like a speedboat on Lake Macatawa," he said. "Here, get on! You can ride, can't you?"

"Of course," Trina answered. "Everybody rides in Holland. But — but — why do you all do this for me?"

"Aw, we see the festival every year," John said. "And besides, you're a real Dutch girl. We all decided that you ought to be in it more than any of us."

"But — but — I should ask my aunt."

"Jeepers! Get going, will you? Miss Reewkes has already asked your aunt."

With such a warm feeling that she felt almost like crying, Trina put her *klompen* in the wire basket on the handlebars, and rode into town.

Miss Reewkes met her. "You're going to be in the float that shows the first Hollanders arriving from Rotterdam in 1846," she said. "Will you like that?"

"Oh, yes; thank you very much," Trina answered.

What fun the Volks Parade was for Trina! Hearing the bands and seeing the dancers and marchers from high up on a float, waving to all the tourists along the streets, looking down at tulips, tulips, and more tulips in the bright spring sunshine.

Thursday was fun for Trina, too. She marched in the Children's Costume Parade

with all the other sixth-graders, all of them except Elsie Ver Neul whose turn it was to be baby-sitter.

And that night Trina was a little Dutch maiden in the Parade of Provinces because her costume was a real one that was exactly what one of the musical numbers needed.

On Friday and Saturday she danced in her *klompen* in the Children's Festival. And on Saturday she heard the high-school band contest in the park. And always the boys and girls of her class took turns baby-sitting for her.

Oh, it was a wonderful four days! When Sunday afternoon came, after church and Sunday dinner, Trina sat at her aunt's big desk and wrote a long letter home. This is part of what she said:

"... I was homesick at first but now I shall enjoy being here. The American boys and girls are so kind. This is what they chose to do for me because I am a Dutch girl far from home. They took turns sitting-baby for me while I. . . ."

Dutch words in the story—

Welkom Vreemdelingen—Welcome, strangers

Klompen—Wooden shoes

Saucijzebroodje with kool—Pigs-in-the-blanket with cabbage



"best ● thanks"

— for
gift boxes



PHOTO BY BOB DE WIT

In a mixture of German and English (which has been translated here into English) a refugee girl in Border Camp Wiesau, Germany, writes about what a gift box from the United States meant to her.

Dear American Children:

IT WAS a very great joy when we received your gifts. We all really thank you. Now I will describe to you briefly where your things went. It is a small industrial place, Wiesau, in the Upper Pfalz.

FORT DODGE, IOWA—Astra Petersone, 11, from Latvia, packs a JRC box for a child overseas. A year ago she received just such a package in Germany. ▼



▲ HOLLAND—"How do you play it?" wonders this boy in a hospital in Rotterdam, as he unpacks a harmonica from his gift box.

It is situated in a wooded region. The nearest large city is Munich, capital of Bavaria.

The largest buildings in Wiesau are two churches. The largest houses in Wiesau shelter nine families. A twelve-family house is being built at the present time. This will be the highest house.

Our schoolhouse has eight classrooms. The singing, reading, and arithmetic goes on all the time from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night.

I am one of those who were driven from their homes. I live in a camp (barracks). For that reason my joy was much greater.

Dear American children of the Junior Red Cross, we are learning English now. We already know a couple of sentences, songs, and poems. So please don't laugh because I have written just a few English words in between; I don't know any more. Perhaps I can write the next letter entirely in English.

Now I will close, with best thanks again, from

Inge Baierle

HUNDREDS of letters of thanks for gift boxes are received daily from grateful boys and girls in other lands. During 1949-50, over 527,000 gift boxes were filled by Junior Red Cross members in the schools of the United States and shipped overseas.



WE HAVE FUN learning to swim in a Red Cross class (San Juan, Puerto Rico).

Springtime in Junior Red Cross

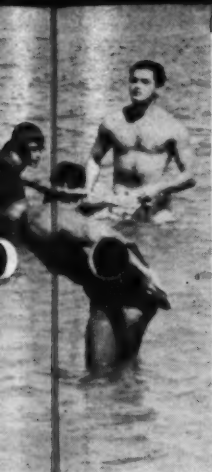


▲ WE FURNISHED over 175 plants so that each patient in Will Rogers Hospital could have a little bit of spring at his bedside. (Oklahoma City, Okla.)



▲ WE PRESENT "wishing-well flowers" to Elizabeth Scholski, hospital patient, as Sister Ann Catherine watches. (Erie, Pa.)





▲ WE MAKE tray favors for patients in other hospitals. (JRC members, Springfield, Mass., Chapter, patients at Shriners' Hospital.)



◀ WE TAKE FLOWERS from Roland Park School to U. S. Marine Hospital, Baltimore, Md. (By special arrangement, several patients were moved to lobby to receive flowers.)

WE GATHER FLOWERS each week from Emerson School Garden for Kosair Crippled Children Hospital, Louisville, Ky. (William Elder presents flowers to Miss Helen Saurer, nurse.)

SHRINERS JOURNAL



PHOTO BY DANNY MORSE

◀ WE TAKE PART in Hawaii Chapter's annual learn-to-swim campaign. (Kapalama School, Honolulu.)



MAKING NEW FRIENDS

through school correspondence

M*ANY American Junior Red Cross members have fun exchanging correspondence albums with school children in other lands. They like to read about life in those countries. They also like to write others about what they do. All find that through this international exchange of correspondence they are learning to understand one another better. They are making new friendships.*

Friends in Japan and New York

When pupils of the Fourth School in Ochiai (a suburb of Tokyo) received an album from Public School No. 92, New York City, they were made very happy.

They immediately set to work on the preparation of their reply. They were eager for their new friends in New York to have the finest kind of reply album they could make. Every moment they could spare from their regular school work was spent in writing and illustrating their album. They took great pains to

With nimble fingers Japanese girls in Ochiai, near Tokyo, make flowers and costumes as part of their reply album for a school in New York City. ➤

interpret Japanese customs, festivals, home life, and school activities.

The pictures on these pages show how carefully these boys and girls in Ochiai worked on their album and on their gifts for their friends in the United States.

Friends in Japan and Montana

From another school in Japan comes a story of the influence of an album received there from a school in Montana. A Japanese study visitor to the United States, Mr. Hiro Furuta, told us this story.

Mr. Furuta said it happened about a month before he was to leave Japan for the United States. He had been invited to speak at a little primary school in a





◀ Since letters are an important part of every album, these boys want to make theirs especially interesting.

Another group makes paper flowers to illustrate Japanese national festivals and customs. ▼

rural district of the Yamanashi Prefecture. It took him 2 hours to walk to the school.

When he got up to speak before the 50 boys and girls in the school, he began by asking them:

"Now tell me what part of the United States do you know best?"

Imagine his surprise when an 11-year-old girl quickly answered, "Montana."

"This was quite an unexpected answer," Mr. Furuta explained to us. "I had expected that they would say something about New York, Washington, or even Hollywood. I was going to develop my talk on those popular subjects. But Montana was impossible, and to tell the truth, I did not exactly know where this state was. So I decided to try another pupil for his answer.

"But, 'Montana,' was his reply, too. And to my complete surprise, five other boys and girls gave me the same answer.

"The children knew all about its location, population, principal products, even all names of the largest towns.

"The teacher then solved the mystery for me. Some time before, they had received a school correspondence album from Junior Red Cross members in a grade



school in Montana. The shrewd teacher had taken this opportunity to start his geography study of the United States with a study of Montana.

"The children naturally showed an extreme interest in the study of the state which had sent them an album.

"They prepared an album in return and sent it to Montana, and in due time received another album in reply. Thus, by the end of the year, the children had learned a great deal about this state.

"The teacher said he believed that the children in that school in Montana had also probably learned a great deal about their remote part of Japan.

"I heartily agreed with him when he added that he thought the friendship cultivated in this way in the minds of boys and girls of both countries would remain with them forever."



TOM TELLS A STORY

Hints on how to be a good storyteller

—by Mary Margaret Robb

WHY can't I tell stories like you, Uncle Bill?" asked Tom. "Everyone listens to you. They laugh at the right time, too."

Uncle Bill laughed. "What's the matter, Tom?" he asked. "Having trouble making people listen?"

"Oh, just the kids at school," said Tom, trying to sound as if he didn't care. "We had Story Period this morning; that's when everybody has a chance to tell about any exciting experience he's had during the week. Well, I thought mine would be the best of all because I told them about going to see the Sleeping Beauty Ballet, but they

didn't listen and some of them giggled when it wasn't funny. Miss Rose said that I needed to learn more about storytelling so that's why I'm asking you."

"I'll be glad to tell you all I know, Tom," said Uncle Bill. "It really isn't hard if you remember a few things."

"First, it's important to get the story started on the right foot. Don't begin by saying, '*I'm going to tell you a very funny story*' or '*the most exciting story*' or anything like that. There's something stubborn about people. They like to decide for themselves. If you say it's howlingly funny, they will just rare back and dare you to make them smile. No, just wade right in, Tom, and introduce your characters and tell what happened to them."

"I think I know where I made my first mistake," said Tom. "I said, '*I'll bet I saw something yesterday that none of*

About the author—

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the rest of you kids saw.' I guess that made them stubborn."

"So, you told them about our jaunt to the ballet," said Uncle Bill. He was pleased that Tom had selected this trip as the most exciting event of the week because he had taken Tom as part of his birthday celebration.

"You really had a story within a story," said Uncle Bill. "There's the story of us and our trip and then the story of Sleeping Beauty as the ballet presented it. Let me see. How about this beginning? *'Last Sunday afternoon, Uncle Bill took me to San Francisco to see the ballet.'*"

"I suppose you should explain what the ballet is in case the class doesn't know," added Uncle Bill. "How would you do that simply? See if you can do it in one or two sentences."

Tom answered quickly, "The ballet means dancers that are so good that they can tell a story just by dancing. They never say a word. And I think I should say that the music helps them to do it. Gee, I liked the orchestra."

"Now pretty soon you should tell them

the name of the story. Then you can begin with the first scene and tell about the fairies and their gifts for the little Princess," suggested Uncle Bill.

"I think everyone knows that story, don't you? They'd be bored if I told it all. I just tried to tell the new things."

"The good storyteller gets his hints from his listeners," said Uncle Bill. "Sometimes people like to hear old stories better than new ones. At any rate you have to tell them what you think will interest them but be able to change it some if they don't listen."

"I always look my people straight in the eye and, when I see they aren't following, I do something different. A story has to move right along and take the group with it. And one thing you have to keep in mind is that you're moving to a climax."

"What's a climax?" asked Tom.

"That's the most exciting thing that happens. After you tell that, the story is practically over. In some stories, you tell it and just quit. It is terrible if you forget any part of it and disappoint the audience. That happens sometimes when you are

Tom thought his story would be best of all, but his classmates didn't listen and some of them giggled.



Illustrations by Ursula Koering

telling a story about someone else, a story you haven't read for a long time, or one you haven't thought out carefully."

"I know what I thought was the most exciting thing that happened in the story of Sleeping Beauty," said Tom. "It was when the Prince came into the room and saw Sleeping Beauty on that big bed and leaned over and kissed her and she waked up."

"Good!" said Uncle Bill. "That's exactly right. It was pretty exciting, wasn't it?"

"I think I ought to tell them about the other exciting things," said Tom. "How about Puss in Boots and those oth-

er storybook characters? They aren't at the wedding in the story in the book. I think they were put in because they were such good dancers, but I did like them, especially Puss."

"Try to keep the story in the right order," said Uncle Bill. "It is very confusing if you start in toward the end and then jump all around to the other parts of the story without connecting the action in the order it happened. I get annoyed when a storyteller says, 'Oh, I forgot to tell you,' and yanks you away back to the introduction when you want to get on to the climax. You feel as if you were riding on a train that had to back up all the time and never seemed to get any place."

Tom laughed because he knew that was exactly what he had done. He had liked Puss and Boots at the wedding, so he began with that and then told about the Lilac Fairy in the first scene.

That was probably why his classmates had been so rude. They had been all mixed up, so they giggled. He had noticed that people often laughed when they were nerv-

ous or confused or unsure of themselves.

"Your audience must be able to follow you all the time, Tom," said Uncle Bill. "And they must want to know what is going to happen next. That's what makes them listen."

"How do you quit?" asked Tom. "I have a hard time with every story because

Miss Rose always says that I am taking too much time and makes me finish before I've told everything."

"That's something that's mighty hard for everyone to learn," sympathized Uncle Bill. "Don't keep on much after the climax, or it will be a let-down. Se-

lect the most important things all the way and don't try to tell everything.

"That is a very good rule, Tom. Select the best things and leave out those that don't matter. For example, it won't matter much to the kids when we got home from the show unless it was 12 o'clock at night in the middle of a hurricane or something equally unusual. If it's ordinary stuff, as it was, make it snappy—maybe one sentence, 'The matinee was over at 5:30, and we were home in time for dinner.'"

"Gee," said Tom. "I'd like to tell the story of our trip again. I know I could make them listen now."

"Why not tell it right now to me?" said Uncle Bill. "People always like to hear stories about themselves, and we did have a good time, didn't we?"

"Last Sunday," Tom began, "my Uncle Bill took me to San Francisco to see the ballet . . ."

And right through to the very end Tom told the story to Uncle Bill, and he did it so well that Uncle Bill didn't even squirm once!





PHOTO BY FRITZ BASCH

BIRTHDAY BALLOONS

MAY 8 is the birthday of Henri Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross. Last year the Junior Red Cross boys and girls in Vienna, Austria, celebrated the day in a special way.

Just at 12 o'clock noon, 8,000 bright balloons were sent into the air in several places in Vienna. Each balloon was painted

with the red cross symbol. Each one carried a card of greetings from the Junior Red Cross in Austria to some unknown finder in another country.

In this way the JRC members hoped to express the good will that Henri Dunant felt towards all men when he founded the Red Cross.



GREEK JUNIOR RED CROSS members receive, with happy-smiles, toothbrushes and toothpaste sent by American Junior Red Cross.

M. Sitgreaves Aimi tells how spring
blossoming of trees and flowers is the signal
for gay, exciting . . .

May Flower Festivals



R. H. LODGE PHOTO

Lei Day in Hawaii

May Day is Lei Day in Hawaii—a day filled with laughter and happiness, honoring the spirit of friendliness. Every man, woman, and child wears a lei made of long, dewy strands of fresh flowers and fern.



PHOTO BY WALT

JRC members from Aliiolani School, Honolulu, distribute fresh flower leis to an old folks home on May Day which is Lei Day in Hawaii.

Orchids, pansies, roses, marigold, ginger, gardenias, and violets make up the leis and the whole islands look like a rainbow. There is a contest for the most beautiful and unique leis.

Girls have on their *holokus* (princess-style dresses) and the boys wear *aloha* shirts. May queens dressed in white satin robes have cream-color *pikake* or jasmine flower leis in their hair. The sweet-smelling jasmine is widely used for such wreaths.

Processions and pageants act out scenes from Hawaiian history, and even the babies dance the hulas to the music of ukuleles and guitars!

The Festival of Flowers in New Orleans, La., on May 1 is known as John McDonogh Day, and the children pay tribute to him and his associates who made the city's school system possible. Thousands of boys and girls march, holding bunches of flowers high in the air, and end at the McDonogh Monument where the flowers are placed in gratitude.

Apple Blossom Festival in Wenatchee, Wash., is another grand season. Wenatchee is the "Apple Capital" of the world and represents a \$100-million industry.

When the blossoms are at their best in May there is a queen selected with a royal court of 60 princesses. School children march in costume. There are mounted posses, exhibitions of aircraft, drill teams, and precision horsemanship.

It is all very gay, and sometimes people forget that the beautiful white blossoms spreading for miles beneath the sky have meant much hard work during the preceding winter months. The trees had to be trimmed expertly; hungry field mice destroyed to prevent them from eating the tree bark; smudge pots cleaned, then constantly filled with oil to warm the trees any time the thermometer dropped to the danger point.

Blooming of the cherry trees about the second week in May in Traverse City, Mich., is the signal for a community-wide festival.

When the blossoms reach their peak upon the many thousands of cherry trees, the clergy of the region bless the flowers.

Men, women, and children kneel beneath the snowbank bloom of the orchards and join in prayer for divine protection against the many enemies of the fruit. Everyone then falls in line behind the clergy and marches through the aisles of blooming trees as the ministers make the sign of the cross against the blossoms.

Cotton Carnival is a week-long event held early in May in Memphis, Tenn., when the cotton plants are covered with creamy white blooms. There are

historical exhibits, motorboat races, air shows, dances, fireworks, and parades. The king and queen of cotton, with their royal court, arrive by water on a brilliantly lighted royal barge.

The children have an outdoor ball and select their own king and queen. The younger royal pair, sitting on thrones, ride on a miniature float in the Children's Parade with 450 boys and girls in their court. This parade of some 25,000 youngsters is unmatched anywhere in the world. During the carnival some lucky boy or girl always wins a pony.

During the Oleander Festival in Galveston, Tex., in May every yard, street, park, and garden is lined with pink, white, yellow, rose, and red blooms. Oleanders are on sale by the bouquet or bush. There are music, refreshments, and dancing to greet the visitors.

Saturday is the big day for the young fry. A junior mayor and commissioners rule the city. Sometimes even the old "Pirate Jean Lafitte" comes back and drops a silver shower of loot for treasure hunters.

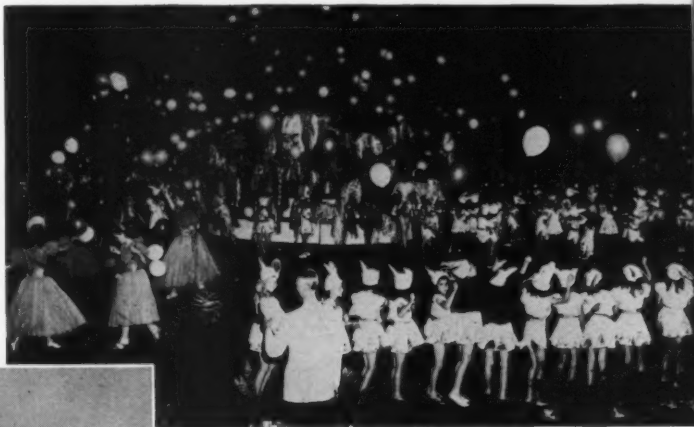
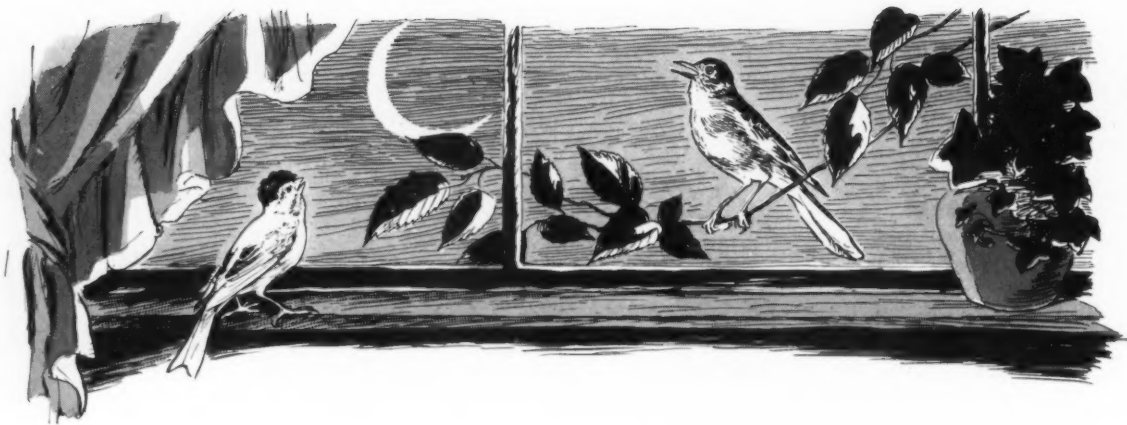


PHOTO BY E. H. JAFFE

▲ Cotton Carnival, Memphis, Tenn.

◀ Oleander Festival, Galveston, Tex.



Midnight Songster

ROY CHILDERS

TOP KNOT, the canary, awoke quickly. A noise had disturbed him. It was midnight, and the living room was dark. From outside the window, the sound came again.

"Tweedle-lee-twa, tweedle-lee-twa."

At first, Top Knot thought he was dreaming. Someone was singing **HIS** song! Who can it be, wondered Top Knot? No one else lived in the neighborhood who could sing like him.

Top Knot had a nice voice. He had yellow feathers and black-tipped wings. On his head sat a mop of black feathers.

Top Knot was a funny-looking bird. His friends thought he looked like a clown, but they all agreed that Top Knot had a wonderful voice.

But now **SOMEONE WAS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW SINGING TOP KNOT'S SONG!**

With his tiny beak, Top Knot lifted the latch on his cage. He flew to the window-sill. Sitting on the lowest branch of the elm tree was a strange bird whom Top Knot had never seen. It had dark feathers and a light gray breast. And this strange bird, who was not much larger than Top Knot, was singing Top Knot's song!

"Tweedle-lee-twa, tweedle-lee-twa."

"Who are you?" asked Top Knot angrily. The other bird stopped singing. "Molly

Mockingbird," she replied. "Are you the little canary who sings so nicely?"

"Why, yes, I am," Top Knot said. "Do you really like my song?"

"That is why I sing it," Molly Mockingbird said. "I sing all songs that I like."

Top Knot did not feel angry any more. He was glad that someone enjoyed his song.

"What other songs do you sing?" Top Knot asked.

"I sing the bobolink's song," replied Molly Mockingbird. "Bob - ooooo - link! Bob - ooooo - link! Bob - ooooo - link!"

"How wonderful!" Top Knot cried.

"I sing the catbird's song, also," said Molly Mockingbird. "Meeeeeeooooooooowwww, meeeeeooooooooowwww."

"It is very good," Top Knot said.

"Thank you," Molly Mockingbird said. "Now I must practice some more, for I am going to sing all night long."

"I will go back to my cage and listen," Top Knot said. "Please sing loud enough for me to hear you. It feels good to go to sleep while hearing a song."

"All right," Molly said. "I will sing your song, for it is so wonderful."

So all night long Molly Mockingbird sang Top Knot's song.

"Tweedle-lee-twa, tweedle-lee-twa."

And Top Knot, the canary, went peacefully to sleep.

Feathered Fisherman

HELEN C. SHOEMAKE

TOM and his father sat on the bank of the stream in the warm sunshine. It was such fun to go fishing.

Putting his hand into the little straw basket, Tom pulled out a fat worm. He carefully put it on the barbed hook at the end of his fishing pole.

For some time they fished silently. Then Tom whispered, "Not many fish biting today."

"Looks that way," his father answered.

Someone else seemed to answer, too. A shrill rattling note broke the silence.

Tom looked up. On the bare limb of an old tree by the stream sat a bird.

The bird was larger than a robin. There was thick stiff hair on his head. He had a gray tail and a belt of gray on his white breast. He had a white spot in front of his eye. "He's staring at us, isn't he?" whispered Tom.

"He is a kingfisher bird. He eats fish for every meal. He doesn't need a line. That bird catches them with his long bill, Tom."

Before Tom could say anything more there was a big splash.

The kingfisher was under the water. He

came up with a wriggling perch in his bill.

It was a small fish and he ate it. He gazed into the water again. Then the bird dove in for another. He didn't eat this one, but flew off with it.

"Why doesn't he eat that?" Tom asked.

"He has a nest in the sand bank over there, I guess. A kingfisher digs a hole in the sand bank to make a home. I think he took that fish to his babies."

"Oh, I wish I could see where he lives. Could I?" begged Tom.

But just then Tom felt a jerk. He pulled in his line and shouted, "A fish! That is one Kingfisher won't get!"

"Hurrah for Tom!" shouted his father. "You're going to show little feathered fisherman that you can catch fish too."

Tom's hand was shaking as he lifted the fish off the hook. Somehow the wiggly fish slid through his fingers.

Into the water it dropped.

Splash! Splash!

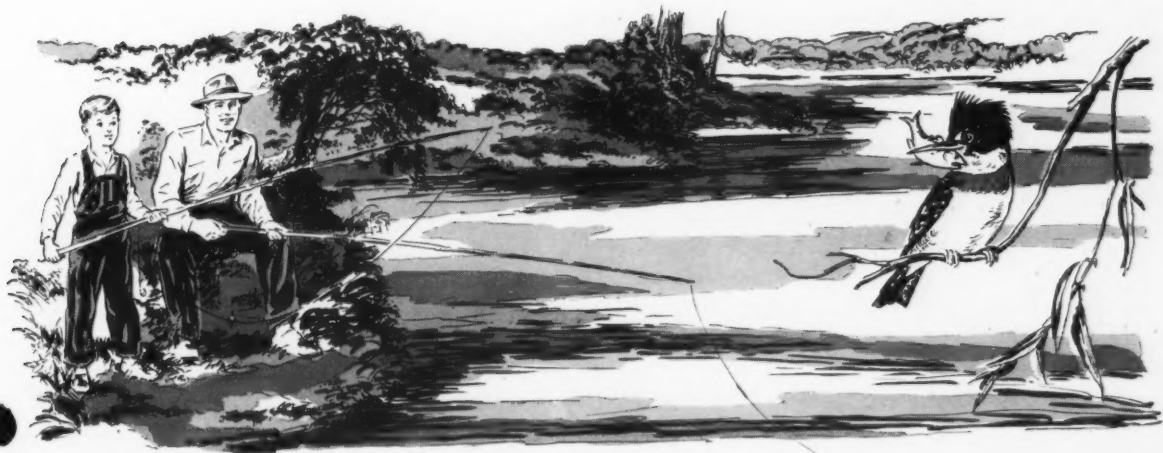
But it was not the little fish that made the splash. It was Kingfisher who dove into the water as his keen eyes saw the fish fall back into the stream. In a second, up he came, holding it in his long beak.

Tom watched Kingfisher fly to his sand-bank home. He sighed, shaking his head. Then he put another worm on his hook.

"Going to fish again, Tom?" his father asked.

"Yes," whispered Tom, "and this time I'm going to see if I can't be smarter than Kingfisher."

Illustrations by Alice Carsey



KOREA'S REFUGEES

The Korean Red Cross is working day and night to help the refugees of Korea who have lost their homes and most of their possessions in the war. The pictures on this page show some of the women and children living in camps in Pusan who are being helped by medical teams of the Korean Red Cross.



▲ To guard against the cold in an unheated building, once used as a classroom, a young refugee girl is wrapped up in a comforter.



▲ A mother attends to her sick baby in a refugee shelter in Pusan. The other children, all being housed in the same room, wanted to get into the picture, too!

A mother carries laundry on her head as she goes with her child to sick call in the refugee shelter.





Charcoal drawing of Clara Barton made in 1883 on display at the National Headquarters museum, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

1881-1951

IT WAS on May 21, 1881—70 years ago—that the American Red Cross was first established in the United States. This came about through the persistent efforts of Clara Barton, who was made its first president.

During the dark days of the Civil War, Clara Barton had cared for wounded soldiers on the battlefields. She gave assistance to all who needed her help, whether they wore blue or gray.

On a trip to Switzerland after the war ended, she first learned of the work of the Red Cross in Europe. She was impressed with what the Swiss citizen, Henri Dunant, had accomplished. Already 14 European countries had signed the treaty of Geneva "to render neutral and immune from injury in war, the sick and wounded and all who cared for them."

Their flag, adopted in the convention, was the Swiss flag reversed, a red cross on a white ground.

When Clara Barton returned to the United States, she worked hard to persuade Congress to sign the treaty of Geneva and to establish a Red Cross Society in this country. This was finally accomplished in 1881.

Soon Clara Barton widened the work of the Red Cross to include aid to all suffering humanity. An amendment was passed and finally adopted by all nations to give Red Cross help to sufferers from fires, floods, famines, earthquakes, and other kinds of disaster.

Today, the American Red Cross continues to carry on its program of service to civilians as well as to the military.



